

WEEKLY OR, LADIES'

VISITOR; MISCELLANY.



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1806.

No. 21.

PAULIN ;
OR, THE
HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

(In Continuation)

Mr. Ridulph, after suffering my grief to subside, asked me if I felt sufficient strength to visit our unhappy friend. I answered him, whatever it might cost me, I would perform that duty, and not abandon him in his cruel misfortune. I dressed myself; and Mr. Ridulph, having ordered a coach, we got into it, and proceeded to Newgate, where we found Captain Wilkes, whose countenance was serene, and who received us with an effusion of the tenderest friendship.

My heart was broken with affliction: I made, however, every effort to hide from the Captain the torments I felt. I admired his courage, his composure, the desire he felt to avoid all conversation and allusions that bore on his trial, his judgment, and approaching death. Mr. Ridulph accompanied me to the prison, at all times when his affairs permitted; he employed his credit, his friends, to obtain letters of the King, to grant him remission of the pain of death, but without success.

The evening prior to the day which was to terminate the career of Captain

Wilkes, as I was alone with him, he prayed me to take charge of many important papers to be remitted to Mr. Speckleer. He afterwards said to me, " You are my friend, and I make no doubt but you will do me a service, the more important, as it will tranquillize my last moments. In the unruly age of the passions, I made a connexion with a young woman, by whom I had a son. The severity of my principles determined me to honor her with the title of wife, the instant I reached the age of twenty-one, if her conduct answered my expectations; but I had too many proofs that she had made herself unworthy this sacred name; which determined me to leave her to her unworthy conduct. The abject life to which she reduced herself, caused her to be sent to prison, where she died, tormented with the pangs inseparable from debauch.

" Forced to abandon so debased a creature, I took charge of my child; I educated him in one of our northern counties. I neglected nothing to give him a suitable education, under a feigned name; and I have had no reason but to rejoice, for not having abandoned the pledge of an illegitimate union. All accounts that have been given me on returning home from my various voyages, have fortified in me the intention of being useful to this child, and to assure to him an honourable existence. He is ignorant who are his pa-

rents. I have never been able to undertake to make myself known to him for his father; his good conduct, his instruction, and the talents he has acquired, have determined my Lord G*** to take him for his steward; this gentleman has a high esteem for him. I have insured an income of three hundred pounds sterling to Jonas Lank, (the name of my son;) I would join to it a sum of six thousand pounds sterling, which I have in bank bills in this portfolio. Will you, my friend, repair to my Lord G***'s who lives in Brooke street, and ask for Mr. Jonas Lank. You will tell him that his father, in his last moments, desirous of giving him a proof of his tender affection, has charged you to pay him that sum; that he recommends to him to continue by his actions to merit the esteem of Lord G***, and that of all honest men. If he asks you after the name of his father, tell him it is a secret that has been confided to you, and which you cannot divulge; that it grieves him not to be able to press him to his heart in the last hours of his life; but he sends him his parental benediction, praying heaven to confirm it to him. Go, my friend Paulin, run to Lord G***'s, and to-morrow morning you will give me an account of your conversation with my son. That will be the last day that we shall have to pass together."

These last words took from me the

power of breathing; I threw myself into the arms of Captain Wilkes, without feeling strength enough to utter a word.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Friend Editor,

I wish thee to insert the following dialogue in thy paper called the Weekly Visitor. Thy compliance will oblige thy friend.

DIALOGUE.

Between Mrs KNOWLES, of the respectable Society of Friends, and the celebrated Dr. JOHNSON.

Mrs. K. Thy friend, Jenny H——, desires her kind respects to thee, Doctor.

Dr. J. To me!—Tell me not of her! I hate the odious wench for her apostacy: and it is you, Madam, who have seduced her from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. This is a heavy charge indeed. I must beg leave to be heard in my own defence: and I entreat the attention of the present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

Dr. J. (much disturbed at this unexpected challenge) said, You are a woman, and I give you quarter.

Mrs. K. I will not take quarter. There is no sex in souls; and in the present cause, I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself.

("Bravo!" was repeated by the company, and silence ensued.)

Dr. J. Well then, Madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss H—— from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. If thou really knewst what were the principles of the Friends, thou wouldst not say she had departed from Christianity. But, waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that she had undoubtedly right to examine and to change her educational tenets, whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous: as an accountable creature, it was her duty so to do.

Dr. J. Pshaw!—Pshaw!—An accountable creature!—Girls accountable creatures!—It was her duty to remain with

the church wherin she was educated; she had no business to leave it.

Mrs. K. What! not for that which she apprehended to be better? According to this rule, Doctor, had'st thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian evidence might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction! and, if so, then let me ask, how would thy conscience have answered for such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal?

Dr. J. My conscience would not have been answerable.

Mrs. K. Whose then would?

Dr. J. Why the state, to be sure. In adhering to the religion of the state as by law established, our implicit obedience therem becomes our duty.

Mrs. K. A nation, or state, having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a government, or state, is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a non-entity. Now, gentlemen, can your imagination body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a state, composed of millions of people? Can you behold it stalking forth into the next world, loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded or punished for the faith, opinions, and conduct, of its constituent machines called men? Surely the teeming brain of Poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a personage!

(When the laugh occasioned by the personification was subsided, the Doctor very angrily replied,) I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a mere competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She imitated you, no doubt; but she ought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

Mrs. K. True, Doctor, I grant it, if, as thou seemest to imply, a wench of twenty years be not a moral agent.

Dr. J. I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turns quakers.

Mrs. K. This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of Infidels and Deists.

Dr. J. Certainly, I do think you little better than Deists.

Mrs. K. This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research, has not thought it at least expedient to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular!

Dr. J. Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart secretaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

Mrs. K. This reminds me of the language of the Rabbies of old, when their hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity of dawning truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust, our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth; and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology, is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral philosopher of the first rank: a teacher, from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, enquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself, for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every court and university in Christendom!

(Here the Doctor grew very angry, still more so at the space of time the gentlewoman allowed his antagonist wherin to make her defence, and his impatience excited Mr. Boswell himself in a whisper, to say, "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before!")

The Doctor again repeated, that he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of Christians.

Mrs. K. Give me leave then to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do by making before thee, and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard whereby we judge of every denomination of professors.

(To this, every one present agreed; and even the Doctor grumbled out his assent.)

Mrs. K. Well then, I take upon me to

declare, that the people called Quakers, do verily believe in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice with the most full and reverential acceptance of the divine history of facts as recorded in the New Testament. That we, consequently, fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called the Apostle's Creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into Hell, and the Resurrection of his Body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the Holy Text; there being, from that ground, no authority for such assertion as is drawn up in the Creed. And now, Doctor, can't thou still deny to us the honourable title of Christians?

Dr. J. Well!—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

Mrs. K. I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where pride and prejudice can never enter!

Dr. J. Meet her! I never desire to meet fools anywhere.

(*This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor joined in the laugh; his spleen was dissipated; he took his coffee, and became, for the rest of the evening, very cheerful and entertaining.*)

Selections for the Visitor.

LOPE DE VEGA.

IT is said, in the history of the life of Lope de Vega, the great writer, that no less than eighteen hundred comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *autos sacramentales* (a kind of sacred drama) exceed four hundred; besides which, there is a collection of his poems, of various kinds, in twenty-one volumes.

It is also said, in the history of his life, that there was no public success on which he did not compose a panegyric; no marriage of distinction without an epithalamium of his writing; or child, whose nativity he did not celebrate; not a prince died on whom he did not write an elegy; there was no saint for whom he did not

produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not distinguish; no literary dispute at which he did not assist either as secretary or president. He said, of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-five sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days, which, it would have been difficult for another man to have even copied in the same time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days.

John Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lope took the first act, and Montalvan the second, which they wrote in two days, and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalvan, seeing that the other wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lope, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange-tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which, I have breakfasted, written one hundred and fifty other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired. He then read to Montalvan the eight sheets, and the hundred and fifty verses.

THE POOR LITTLE WANDERING CRIPPLE.

'Tis for bread, 'tis for life, dearest lady I sue,
I'm no wanton believe me, tho' poor, I am true;
From day-break till dark, all forsaken I roam,
For alas! I've no friends, no parent, nor home,
I'm a poor little wandering cripple.

I would not solicit thy alms, or thy aid,
Were the power but mine to toil for my bread;
But by nature disabled and hindred from gain,
There's no hope for the heart, nor no end to the pain
Of the poor little wandering cripple.

Thanks, generous lady, my wants are supplied;
But for this I had sunk, but for this I had died;
Till the latest of life, I'll remember thy care,
And the being who hears, will comply with the
prayer
Of the poor little wandering cripple.

In the day when thy deeds shall be canvassed above,
Thou wilt not repent this kind action of love;

For mercy will tell of thy bounty to-day,
And pleading thy cause, thou wilt see in the way
The poor little wandering cripple.

Selected for the Weekly Visitor

Sir, By inserting the following extract in the *Weekly Visitor*, you will oblige your Friend and Subscriber.

ANGER.

ANGER is a crime so peculiarly injurious to the interests of humanity that, if we reflect a moment upon its consequences, we shall be convinced that we cannot impose upon ourselves a task too severe, in order to be exonerated from its destructive influence. A man in a fit of anger may be guilty of an action which may fill every moment of his life with horror and regret; he may commit a violence upon that friend, for whom, in his tranquil moments, he would rather receive a poignard in his bosom, than to have suffered the smallest ill to approach him: he may wound the feelings of an affectionate wife, or depress the genius of a beloved child. Indeed, when we survey the ills produced by this primary cause of evil, we shrink with horror from the black catalogue, and wonder at the mutability of man.

Anger is one of those fires of the mind which, the more it is cherished, the more furiously it will blaze: suppress it, and it will soon become absolved in cool reflection; indulge it, and it will consume every relic of the milder virtues.

In the heated climate of Italy, the passions of anger and revenge are carried to an alarming extent; in that degenerate country, pistols, and poinards are familiar instruments, and midnight assassinations convey with them no air of novelty; for, in souls of so degraded a nature, the mild rays of forgiveness illumine but a contracted sphere. Yet, is it not possible that this quick resentment, if ameliorated by philosophical reflection, might be softened into manly virtue; and instead of flying out into murders and assassinations, present itself in the warm effusions of susceptible friendship?

(To be concluded in our next)

STROLLING PLAYERS.

I HAVE often diverted myself in country places, with the *tragedies* of these *comedians*, and have laughed more heartily at *Venice Preserved*, *The Orphan*, &c. than I ever did at *Doctor Caius*, or *Sir John Falstaff*. Though many are the anecdotes related of itinerant performers, yet I will impart one that is truly original, to prove the ignorance of these strolling fellows.

In the third act of *The Orphan*, when Castalio is with the pages, he says, dismissing the boy—

Here, take this, and leave me,
You knave, you little blatterer, get you gone.

The Hero whom I saw burlesquing this character, not knowing what he was to give when he should say, '*take this*', for the author, though customary has not signified it in a parenthesis, thus, (*giving him money*) poor Castalio was terribly discomposed to know what he should do; so when he came to the part, acting it in a violent rage, *take this*, he cried, giving the poor boy a box on the ear, which almost knocked him down, *begone and leave me*, and stamped so furiously that the very boards shook under him; being however, disconcerted at the loud laugh of the audience, and knowing that they should not laugh at a tragedy, he was resolved to try another method the next night, for which reason he brought a *candle* on the stage, and gave it to the boy.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

BEAUTY thou frail and drooping flower,
That passeth as an April shower;
Which soon is o'er.

Ah! why art thou so unstable, say?
Thou art comely only for a day,
Then seen no more.

The bloom thou spread'st on youth's fair face,
Adds lustre to each rising grace,
For a short time.

But soon thou'll wither, soon decay,
Thou'rt like the drooping flower of May,
Which soon declines.

Or, like a flower that buds, and blows,
And blushing, withers as the rose,
And dies away.

But Virtue, as the Evergreen,
Is always far superior seen,
To Beauty's ray.

TERESA.

MODERN LOVE.

BOAST not to me the charms that grace
The fairest form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom, and features I despise:
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wise.

Come then, O come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh, bring the deeds of thy estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.
Still keep unseen those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasure in the stocks;
Oh, hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.
Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which in those cheeks unheeded blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds, and scrip.

A LADY'S STUDY.

TO Cloe's study shall we go?
(For ladies have their study too)
Oh what a splendid sight is there!
Twould make the dullest hermit stare.
There stands, arrang'd in proud array
Each fresh romance, each modern play,
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts,
But oh! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within:
What Cloe loves she plainly shows,
For lo! her very books are beaux.

THE PLEASURES OF SOCIETY.

THE pleasures of Society, like pleasures of every other kind, must, to be pure and permanent, be temperate and discreet. While passion animates, and sensibility cherishes, reason must direct, and virtue be the object of our course. Those who search for happiness in a vague desultory, and indiscriminate intercourse with the world; who imagine the palace of pleasure to be surrounded by the gay, unthinking and volatile part of the species; who conceive that the rays of all human delight beam from places of public festivity and resort; will, instead of lasting and satisfactory fruition, meet only with sorrowful disappointment. This mode of seeking society is not a rational indulgence of that natural passion which heaven, in its benevolence to man, has planted in the human heart; but merely a factious desire, an habitual prurient, produced by restless leisure, and encour-

aged by vanity and dissipation. SOCIAL HAPPINESS, true and essential social happiness, resides only in the bosom of Love, and in the arms of FRIENDSHIP; and can only be really enjoyed by congenial hearts, and kindred minds, in the domestic bower of privacy and retirement. Affectionate intercourse produces an inexhaustible fund of delight: it is the perennial sunshine of the mind.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

The dazzling rays of beauty may affect us like a charm; but if they have nothing to support them, their effects, like those of a fairy tale, will soon vanish. And when this delusive fascination slips from before our eyes, we shall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one single quality to fill the capacities of a sensible and liberal mind: for, as beauty decays, the image it impressed wears out. True love is always disinterested, always constant. Those whose fortunes are nearly equal, have the best chance for happiness. But, unfortunately, in this age, few pursue it in matrimonial connexions; and Plutus carries more to Hymen's temple than Cupid.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

HORACE, ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS

O cruel youth, yet Beauteous still,
What shame your tender breast will fill;
When age shall steal those locks away,
That on your shoulders loosely play.

And from your cheek the bloom that glows,
More brilliant than the damask rose;
Ali LIGURINUS, O! hard's the case,
Must change into a wrinkled face.

Too surely then, you'll sighing say,
And quite disgusted turn away;
Nor know your person as you pass,
Presented in the looking glass:

" Alas! in youth my heart was cold,
" But growing now as it is old;
" Let me my former charms regain,
" Or not this present love retain.

L.

THE SILENT BEAUTY.

WITH goodness, modesty and sense:
Fair, elegant, and young;
Yet is Aurelia slighted:— Whence?—
Alas!—she wants a—tongue.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1806.

Foreign news.—Our daily prints have afforded the public the most ample details of the important events which have transpired in Europe. London papers to the 18th Feb. have been obtained; from which it appears that a treaty of Peace between France and Austria, was concluded on the 26th of December; and, on the following day received the sanction of his majesty the French Emperor.

The celebrated MR. PITT first lord of the British treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. died on the 22d of December.—The London prints speak of this event in the following manner :

DEATH OF MR. PITT.

This virtuous and distinguished ornament of human nature, closed his earthly career on Thursday morning, at half past 4 o'clock, an event that, in the present state of things, cannot but be considered as a loss to the world at large, as well as to this country. He expired without a struggle, and although his frame was completely exhausted by the severity of his disorder, he retained the powers of his mind to the last and awful moment which terminated his existence in this world."

Jan. 24.

"As the public anxiety must naturally be much excited on this occasion, we have made the necessary inquiries with respect to the last moments of this truly great man, and it is with full authority we give the following statement :—

"Upon being informed by the Bishop of Lincoln of his precarious state, Mr. Pitt instantly expressed himself perfectly resigned to the divine will, and with the utmost composure, asked Sir Walter Farquhar, who was present, how long he might expect to live.—He then entered into a conversation of some length with the Bishop of Lincoln, upon religious subjects. He repeatedly declared, in the strongest terms of humility, a sense of his own unworthiness, and a firm reliance upon the mercy of God, through the

merits of Christ. After this, the Bishop of Lincoln prayed by his bed-side for a considerable time, and Mr. Pitt appeared greatly composed by these last duties of religion. Mr. Pitt afterwards proceeded to make some arrangements and requests concerning his own private affairs, and declared that he died in peace with all mankind."

Mr. Pitt's funeral is, we understand, to be attended with the same ceremony as was observed in regard to his father, with the difference only of the procession taking place from the House of Commons, to Westminster Abbey, instead, as was then the case, from the House of Lords.

Mr. Pitt held the offices of the first Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, a Lord of Trade and Plantations, a Commissioner for the affairs of India, Master of the Trinity house, and High Steward of the University of Cambridge.

Schonbrunn Dec. 29.

Before the Emperor Napoleon left this place, he published the following

PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY.

"*Soldiers,*"

"Peace between me and the Emperor of Austria is signed. You have in this late season of the year made two campaigns—you have performed every thing I expected from you. I am setting out to return to my capital. I have promoted, and distributed rewards to those who have distinguished themselves most; I will perform to you every thing I have promised. You have seen that your Emperor has shared with you all dangers and fatigues; you shall likewise see him surrounded with all that grandeur and splendour which becomes the sovereign of the first nation in the world. In the beginning of the month of May, I will give a grand festival at Paris; you shall all be there; and we shall there see whether we are called by the happiness of our country, and the interest of our glory.

"*Soldiers,* during the three months, which are necessary for your return to France, be the example of all armies. You have now to give examples, not of courage and intrepidity, but of strict discipline—may my allies no more have to complain of your behaviour! Conduct

yourselves, on your arrival in that sacred territory, like children in the bosom of their family. My people will conduct themselves towards you, as they must ever do towards their Heroes and their Defenders.

" Soldiers, the thought that I shall see you all in less than half a year assembled round my Palace, is pleasing to my heart, and I feel before hand, the most delightful emotions. We will celebrate the memory of those, who in these two campaigns have fallen in the field of honour. The world shall know that we are ready to follow their example, and, if necessary, to do still more than we have done against those who attack our honour, or suffer themselves to be misled by the gold of the eternal enemy of the Continent.

(Signed) " NAPOLEON.

" By order of the Emperor

" Major General Marshal Berthier."

Schonbrunn, 6th Nivose, Dec. 27.

Paris, Jan. 29.—Their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress returned on Sunday last. Napoleon travelled *incognito*. Talleyrand arrived the same day. Their arrival was announced by discharges of artillery.

Feb. 11. Part of the army of the North have arrived at this city. The Prince royal of Bavaria has also arrived at this city.

Vienna, Jan. 30.—The army of the Arch. Duke Charles is broken up, and the regiments returned to their garrisons.

London Jan. 30. Bonaparte not only gives the law in the disposal of kingdoms, but in matrimony; his son-in-law, Eugene Beauharnois, it is reported, is to marry the Princess Augusta of Bavaria, and Master Jerome a Princess of the House of Wirtemberg.

The last report from the King of Spain's demise, appears to have arisen from a very severe illness. He has been attacked by an apoplectic fit, and his life is by the last accounts, said to be in great danger.

Previous to the conclusion of the treaty between Austria and France, the Archduke Charles was at the head of 90,000 men at Eiderberg, four posts from Vien-

na; and his presence evidently produced a favourable effect upon the negotiations which were then pending between the Emperors France and Napoleon. Massena's army was very weak, General St. Cyr having been detached with a considerable division against Naples.

January 14.

On Thursday last the remains of the ever to be lamented Lord Viscount Nelson, were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, with all the solemn splendour, which a mourning and grateful nation could bestow. The procession moved from the Admiralty at eleven o'clock, and reached the church at three. It was attended by about 8000 regular troops, and at least, 20,000 volunteers; as likewise by the Prince of Wales, with four or five of his Royal Brothers, and a vast number of nobility and gentry. The ceremony of interment, was grand and awful beyond conception. The pall was supported by Admirals, attended by Naval Captains, and a party of seamen and marines of the Victory, of 100 guns. Never was a more sublime scene beheld by an admiring people, nor did ever public regret appear more general. We are sorry our limits preclude our entering into a more detailed account of this honourable proof of a nation's gratitude to the greatest of men.

January 20.

Marquis Cornwallis.—The friends of this country, and the admirers of true worth have another great subject of regret in the death of this most amiable Nobleman. The melancholy tidings arrived yesterday, in dispatches dated the 23d of October, 1805, which were brought by the Medusa frigate from Bengal. G. A. Robinson, Esq. Private Secretary to his Lordship, was the bearer of these dispatches.

DOMESTIC.

The Legislature of this state have refused to interfere with the case of Francisco Son, the Portuguese, now under sentence of death, for murder. He will therefore, be executed on the 28th of the present month, pursuant to his sentence.

The Senate have agreed to the bill for the execution of Stephen Arnold, 15 to 11.

FIRE.—On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in a building in Pearl street, between Burling and

Beekman slips, occupied by Benjamin Reid, as a Book and Stationary Store. It was got under without any other injury than consuming the roof of the building.

A fire broke out in Boston on Thursday, the 13th inst. at the north end, and on the east side of Battery March street, and before it was extinguished, burnt six or seven valuable buildings.

Our city inspector reports the death of 31 persons, (of whom, 13 were men, 7 women, 2 boys, and 9 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. of apoplexy 1, casualty 1, (a man killed by a fall from a scaffold) consumption 12 (7 men, 4 women, and one child. The ages of the men were 27, 37, 45, 46, 47, 50, and 55; of the women, 18, 28, 33, and 48; of the child 4.) convulsions, 3, decay 1, inflammatory fever 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the bowels 2, old age 1, pleurisy 4, rheumatism 1, suicide by shooting 1, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worm fever.

THEATRE.

The Public's favourite Comedian, Jefferson, was welcomed on Monday evening, with repeated bursts of applause. He made his first appearance as *Jacob Gawk*, in the Chapter of Accidents, and personated the rustic clown with infinite humour.

Mr. J.'s engagement at Philadelphia, will oblige him to repair thither the ensuing week.

Wednesday.—*Which is the man? or, The Soldier of Honour.* With, *The Prize.*

Friday.—*The Way to get Married,* With, *Lock and Key.*

To Correspondents.

The gentleman who sent us a request to insert the "Report of the Humane Society," is informed that we will give said Report publicity in our next number.

We cannot insert "Woman a Rhapsody," without a previous interview with its author.

The production of "Clementina;" cannot be inserted; the lady may know our reasons by sending to the office.

Several communications are unavoidably deferred.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
"Of human offspring,
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
"His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
"Reigns here and revels;"

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening by the Rev. Doctor Rogers, Mr. Wm. Bradford, jun. merchant, to Miss Eliza Price, both of this city.

Same evening, by the rev. Doc. M. Knight Ben Brown, esq. of Groton, to Miss Hannah Bates, only daughter of Jona. Bates, esq. of Stamford, Con.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Doc. Mason, Mr. Robert C. Smith, to Miss Esther Boardman, both of this city.

At Norfolk, by the rev. Mr. Grigsby, Stephen Decatur, jun. a gallant officer in the navy of the U. States, to the accomplished Miss Wheeler, only daughter of Luke Wheeler, esq.

On the 6th inst. by John Anderson, esq. Timothy B. Mount, of Middletown, county of Monmouth, to Mrs. Mary Olden, of Philadelphia.

"all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity"

DIED,

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. George Adamson, an old and respectable citizen of New-York.

On Saturday, after a short illness, John O'Brien esq. aged 12 years.

SAGE & THOMPSON,

BOOK SELLERS & STATIONERS,
No. 149, Pearl Street,

Have for sale a diversified assortment of Books in the various branches of Polite Literature; together with a valuable assortment of Stationery.

Merchant's Account Books they keep constantly ready, such as Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Receipt Books, &c.

They also rule to any pattern, and bind neatly with Russian bands, together with, and without, iron backs.

* * * TICKETS in the ensuing Lottery, for sale as above.

THEATRE.

Positively the last night of Mr. Jefferson's appearance.

This Evening,

Saturday March 22d

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. JEFFERSON.

Will be presented a Play in three acts,
called

THE BATTLE OF HEXAM;
OR, THE DAYS OF OLD.

Greggory Gubbins Mr. Jefferson.
Prince of Wales Miss Hodgkinson.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

The Comic Opera of,

THE CHILDREN IN THE
WOOD.

Walter Mr. Jefferson.



JOHN JONES,
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET,
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and reparings neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.
Nov. 23.

CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,
MINIATURE PAINTER,

Has arrived in this city, and respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen thereof, that he takes LIKENESSES IN CRAYON SET, accompanied with an elegant frame and glass, at the moderate price of ten dollars: and if not approved a likeness no payment will be requested.

SPECIMENS of his work to be seen at his Drawing Rooms at Mr. SAMUEL I BURROWE'S, No. 6 Pine-street.

tf



M. SMITH,
CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions. 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, is. per lb.

Dy. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Potomatum, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do,

Dy. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

G. THRESHER,

FROM LONDON.

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened an Academy at no. 16 Chamber-street, where he teaches

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL WRITING,

IN the first stile of elegance. Also, Accounts, English grammar, painting, and drawing. Particular attention will be paid to the improvement of his pupils.

ATTENTION WILL BE PAID ALSO, TO young ladies or gentlemen who may wish to be instructed at the dwelling of their respective parents.

March 1.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nassau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING THE TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL PRINCIPLES, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medecine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

" Gentlemen,

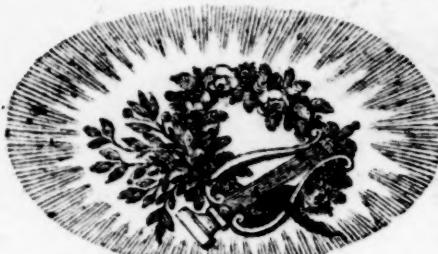
" I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

" ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

" No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MING'S, No. 102, Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.



Communicated
FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

ENQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose;
No blowing clouds obscure the skies
No ruffling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the laboring will.

In silence hush'd to reason's voice
Attend each mental power;
Come, dear Emelia, and enjoy,
Reflections fav'rite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found.

Does it amid the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell :
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell ?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals;
And through the cloisters deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Cladio's face.

Perhaps the joy to those deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds;
Ah! dear delusion! gay conceit
Of visionary minds.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To please its being in some state
At distance from our own.

Oh! blind to each indulgent aim,
Of power supremely wise,

Who fancy happiness in aught
The hand of heaven denies.

Vain is the joy alike we seek,
And vain what we possess;
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into rest.

To temperate wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd ;
And deaf to folly's calls attend,
The music of the mind.

SELECTIONS

A clergyman some time since, rather hurried while reading the funeral service over a corpse, when he came to the words, "this our brother, &c." forgot whether the deceased had been man or woman. Turning, therefore, to one of the mourners, who happened to be an Hibernian, he asked him, is this a *brother* or a *sister*? — "By Saint Patrick, neither one or the other" replied Pat, it was only an acquaintance!"

A COURTIER'S REQUEST.—A courtier being very ill, and overcharged with debts, said to his confessor, that the only mercy he had to ask of God was, to prolong his life till he had paid his creditors. The confessor answered, that the motive was so good, there was great room to hope that God would hear his prayer. "If God would grant me this mercy," said the sick man, turning to a friend, "I should never die."

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.—A princess of the French court had seen a beautiful picture in the house of an English ambassador, and had praised it very much. The ambassador, who was a man of gallantry, sent it to her house, and forced her to keep it. She shewed it to the prince, her husband, who looked at it with much attention. "What do you say?" said she, "to this present, which the English ambassador has made me?" He answered, "All I shall say is, that the ambassador is a great fool, or that I am one."

A YOUNG lady in Paris, has actually died of the long raging influenza of NAKED ELBOWS.—Her husband stormed, and physicians advised; but she preferred death to covering her ELBOWS, and determined to DIE IN FASHION!

IN a church a few miles from London, the priest was repeating that part of the litany which offers up prayers "for all those who travel by land, or by water," &c. when the clerk suddenly exclaimed, "Except my wife who eloped from me two days ago."

SUCH is the rage for new inventions and improvements, that a pair of snuffers is as complicated as a cotton mill; and a man must have a knowledge of mechanics to put on his buckles. A wag observes, that the other day, in visiting an acquaintance, he was obliged to ring the bell to enquire how to knock at the door.

AN Indian Chief, being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer, said he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he said, he could talk forever, and fight the devil.

Mr. Russel.—Many of our newspapers, of late, have forfeited us with their "overdone, enchanted *Pastorals*." Though not meant as a direct *burlesque*, you would gratify me, by inserting the following :

MARY.

TWAS morning, and Mary arose,
Her stockings and garters put on;
Instinctively follow'd her nose,
And walk'd with her back to the sun.

She smil'd, and the woods were illum'd;
She sigh'd, and the vales were depress'd;
She breath'd, and the air was perfum'd;
She frown'd, and saw nature distress'd.

She nodded, the trees nodded too;
She murmur'd, and so did the rill;
She wept, and the evening dew
Fell in tears on the neighbouring hill.

She slept, and fair flowers sprang up;
She blush'd, and the rose look'd more red;
She was hungry, she went home and sup't;
She was tir'd, and so—went to bed.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED

BY JOHN CLOUGH,

NO 149 PEARL STREET, NEAR THE
COFFEE-HOUSE.